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1919 Diary Of A Trip To The Gila National Forest



LIVINGSTON

Army nurses, accompanied by guide and pack horses, set off for Gila National Forest

Introduction

The history of Rutland is the history of its people, some of whom spent part of their lives away from the area. One such person was Ella Bean Livingston who was an Army nurse in the southwestern United States in the early 1900's. She was a keen observer of Native American culture.

A resident of Rutland for 45 years, she shared her knowledge by showing her collection of artifacts of the Sioux, Navaho and Pueblo peoples to school children. The Rutland Historical Society is the repository for much of her collection. Her photographs, diaries and notes give a provenance to the items. They have been generously loaned to the Society by Livingston's niece and grandniece, Joyce and Linda Haggarty.

This Quarterly is a verbatim account of a trip on horseback through one of the earliest Federally-protected areas of New Mexico in September 1919. Leaving their quarters at Fort Bayard, the party headed north and west to view the Gila cliff dwellings. They appear to have returned to base by a different easterly route.

The editor of this Quarterly is Angela R. Hinchey, teacher of art in the Rutland Public Schools. She remembers, as a child, seeing the strange but fascinating objects in Mrs. Livingston's home at 37 Park Street in Rutland. She previously edited a Quarterly (Vol. 27 No. 1) which featured selections from composition books of West Rutland schoolboy, Charles B. Mead.



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1919 Diary Of A Trip To The Gila National Forest

by Ella Bean Livingston
edited by Angela R.Hinchey

After much hurrying, we left the Nurses Quarters at 1:30 p.m., riding down by the K wards and Annexes for our boys there to see us start on our horseback trip, as some of us had promised to do. When we reached the Guard House, we found Mrs. Roberts' pack was slipping off, so stopped to fix it back. Then as we started on, someone asked who had the cooked potatoes and meat that we had fixed for our supper that night and left in the refrigerator [sic], and we found no one had remembered it, so Buggs [Bruggermann] and I went back for it, so finally it was after 2 p.m. when we really did get started.

Everyone's pack stayed on beautifully and we reached Pinos Altos at about 5 p.m., walking up the steep hill. There we went into the store and had some sodas, meeting Misses B. and R. there on their return.

We rode on to Little Cherry Creek, stopping to take pictures several times, then on to Big Cherry Creek, where we took more. I took nine in all. Big Cherry was beautiful, with the sumacs around it turning red. The water in the creek was higher than when I was there before.

We reached Redstone about 7:45 going to our old campsite where some of us had camped once before. Was disappointed that the Forest Ranger was not there. A note on the door said, "Gone to Silver City for supplies. Will be back tomorrow p.m."

Rogers [the guide] had been to Nurses Quarters before we had started and had taken our supplies, etc., and was supposed to get to Redstone ahead of us, but he had not arrived. We cleaned up a place to make our bed, rustled wood and made a fire and unpacked what we needed, and then sat down to await him.

As we came by Bear Creek, Buggs and I saw the largest Gila Monster that we had either of us ever seen, but he was out of sight before the others could get close enough to see him, much to their regret especially Mrs. Roberts, who had never seen one.

We all sat around our fire until 9:45. Roberts, Buggs and I started down the canyon to look for Rogers and the pack horses. Met them about a mile down. He had been having plenty of trouble with the packhorses, as some were new at that kind of work. Blackie, who had all our blankets and Rogers' blankets & tent, had laid down and rolled several times, getting them out of place and by the time he would get them reloaded, the others would have started home. He was much more upset than we were because it was so late, we girls each led a packhorse in to help, and reached our camp about 10:30. We found Tollefsen and Riley sound asleep and the fire out. But we soon got them up and made them rebuild the fire and made them get supper, while we others made our beds and helped Rogers unpack what we needed. We finally got to bed about 12 o'clock.

Buggs said we must get an early start in the morning, but when I awoke at 7:20, everyone else was sound asleep. Rogers was out trying to round up the

horses. We girls all slept in a row on the ground, and had slept good. Buggs on outside, myself next, then Tolly, Riley and Roberts on other outside. Rogers had a pup tent for himself that he set up a little way from us.

We all agreed this a.m., that no part of our ride to come could be any more beautiful than coming up Cherry Creek Canyon, for that was so beautiful all the way, so many little waterfalls, and such colorings in trees and flowers. But we soon found that our today's trip was just as pretty and interesting, tho of a different nature.

On leaving Redstone it was up, up, up, for several miles, with such a wonderful view looking back. Black rock loomed up so beautifully, then when we reached the top of the ridge, we rode along the top for a long time, with the top growing narrower as we advanced and deep canyons on each side almost straight down and high ranges beyond. It was impossible to pick which side was the more beautiful. Finally on reaching the point of the wedge, we went down a very steep winding trail until we reached the Sappilo Creek about 2 p.m. where we ate lunch. Then we went up a steep trail with a beautiful view in all directions. The trail followed up an old creek bed most of the way. At one place we stopped for a drink at a very cold spring under an overhanging rock; a place we would have never noticed only for our guide. From this spring, we went up a very steep trail, with a wonderful view of sharp rock formations, one of which looks like a man's face at top. It is called Joe Cannon's face, as sharp features - like his. Then we began to go down grade. Rogers & our forestry map said it was over 7000 ft. on the ridge, and we went down about 2000 ft. in the next 5 miles. We stopped on the way to examine an old bear trap, but saw nothing of any bear. The trap was well built of



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A view of the scenic mountainous terrain encountered on the trip.

squared logs, and well chinked so a bear could not climb out of it. The roof was broken in so it had evidently been there a long time. Our trail, now zigzagged, winding back and forth on the side of the mountain and so steep and narrow in places that it didn't look as if a horse could make it. At one place the trail was so steep and gravelly that we all got off and walked, leading our horses. We were over 1 3/4 hours coming down the 5 miles. As we came on, we found a big tree, at least 3 ft. in diameter across the trail. My Big Jimmie jumped it, but the others went off to the side and smashed through the bushy top. At one place we saw fresh lion tracks crossing our trail. Rogers said there were 3 of them. Jiggs [Rogers' dog] followed them a short distance, but finally came back at Rogers whistling and calling him. He bears some bad scars from a former encounter with a mountain lion, and Rogers didn't want him to meet another. Once Rogers saw a large buck, and Jiggs took up the chase but Rogers called him back. We came past Alum Mt. off to our left with a big pile of mined Alum nearby, but did not stop to go over to it, as we were hurrying to reach our camp place for the night. At 8:30 we caught our first glimpse of the Gila river, a pleasant sight to us all as we had hurried to make the river to camp, and it was getting nearly dark. We forded the river following it up a little way, and recrossed it over to a fenced in pasture where we camped, as good feed for horses, as well as a nice place to camp, as it had been used for that purpose before and a good table to eat on. So we got our supper as quickly as possible to get to bed.

Think we rather shocked our guide, as Buggs asked him what he thought our chances were of seeing a live bear. As he said "doubtful" and we would be frightened, etc., she asked me if I wouldn't like to see one. I said yes, but



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Jiggs, the faithful canine companion.

as I had seen them, I would rather see a mountain lion. Tolley agreed with me and Riley agreed with Buggs and Mrs. Roberts said she would rather see a Gila Monster than either. Rogers said we were too high up in the mountains to see a Gila Monster as they were down on the desert lands more and he was surprised that we had seen one on Bear Creek, tho he had seen them on Cherry Creek.

Last night was a perfect moon night, and the stars were so thick and looked so close. I never saw so many. It was beautiful to see the moon shining on the river and to hear its murmur as we lay on the sand as near as we could to it. The Gila is much larger there than we expected it would be. We awoke about 7 a.m., but it was nearly 11 o'clock when we got started. Yesterday we had to unpack some to get our lunch, so we decided that from now on each of us would carry our own lunch, to save time and work.

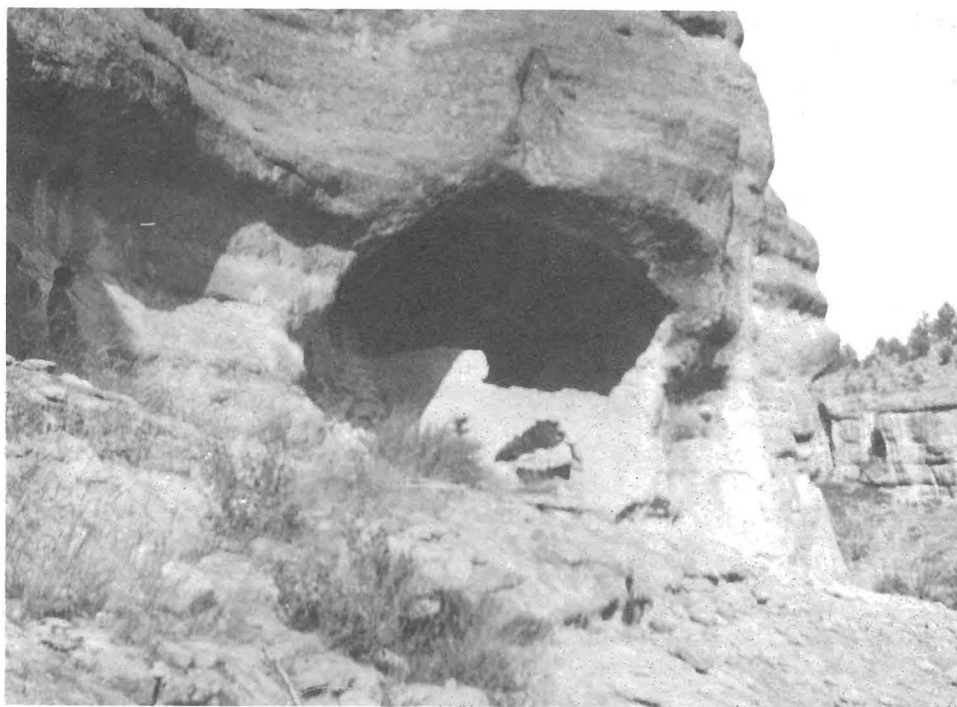
The ride today was beautiful, going up the canyon, crossing the river over 20 times. Many places it was deep enough so we had to hold our feet up to keep them out of the water, to keep them from getting wet. In one place Big Jimmie went too far down the river from the crossing, and had to swim a little; but I stuck on and he soon found his footing. We were all soaking wet from the splashing of the horses, but soon dried off. Our blankets were wet where they hung down on each side of Blackie. It was the deepest crossing we had made. Rogers said it was deeper than he had expected it to be.

The precipices on both sides of the river were very high and of a lovely shade of red sandstone. We stopped a few minutes at the Gila Hot Springs, going up



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Rogers crossing river with packhorses.



Two views of cliff dwellings.

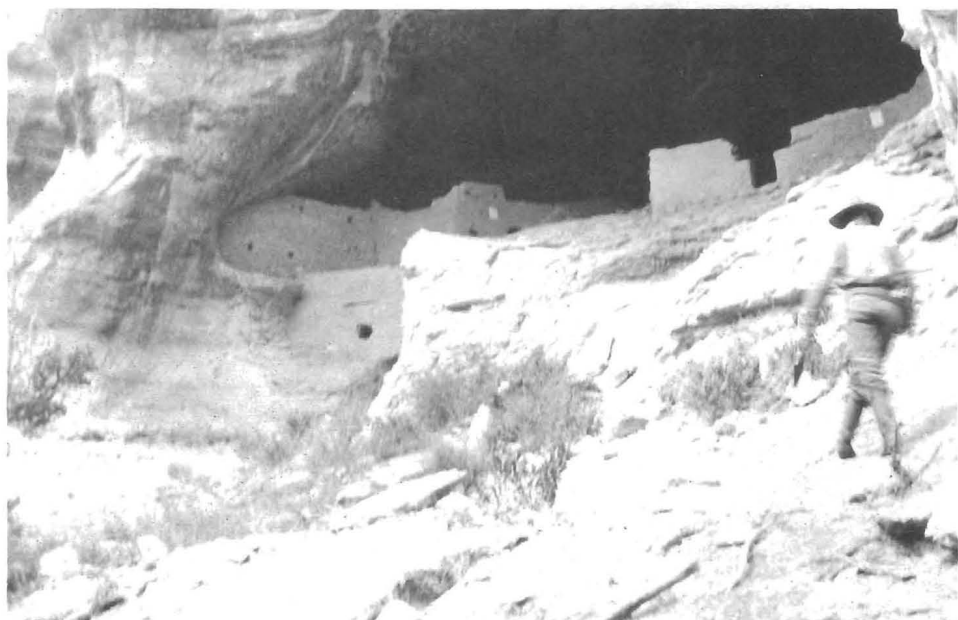


to the springs and sampling the water but none of us liked it. We explored the bath houses, but the old resort hotel had burned many years ago. It had once been a well known Health Resort, but now not even a road to it could be seen.

We rode up the middle fork of the Gila River until we reached Little Creek where there was a good camping place about a mile up the creek. It is quite a large creek and we crossed it many times. We unloaded our packhorses as well as our own, then started out fishing up the creek. Rogers caught quite a string of trout. I caught 2 and Buggs the same and Roberts caught one. Riley caught a frog. We had all we could eat for our supper. Buggs, who went farther upstream than anyone else, saw a rattle snake, but did not kill it as was too close to precipice to risk shooting for fear of bullet ricocheting if it hit the rock instead of the snake. By the time she could find a stone large enough to kill it, and small enough to throw, the snake had disappeared.

We all went to bed at 9:30 last night, but were awakened by our horses several times as they didn't go far as [there was] good feed around us. Big Jimmie came up and walked all around our bed until he found me & I reached up and patted him and talked to him. Buggs said next morning that he was taking "bed check." We were up at 6 o'clock, and were off soon after 9:30 as horses were all near by.

We rode back down to the Gila and up that to the West Fork and then up that and went up it to the Cliff Dwellings, reaching there about noon, unpacked and turned the horses loose. Ate our lunch and started up the canyon to explore them. It was a very steep trail going back and forth on the slippery side of the hill on the rocks. Riley and Roberts went part way up, then decided to



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Rogers leads the way to the pueblo.

go back down to the camp. The rest of us went on up and explored the inside of the dwellings, digging in the sand on floors, as Rogers carried up a small short handled shovel for that purpose. We picked up a lot of shards of pottery, corn cobs and bones as well as pieces of strings made of yucca fibers. Took a lot of pictures. We heard a shot and Rogers was uneasy to get back down to see that the other girls were all right, so we all went down, found them both in wading, and the shot we heard was fired by Roberts, with the shotgun, at a rattlesnake. She knew that she hit it, but it had crawled under a fallen cottonwood tree. With the help of some poles, Rogers cut or found, we girls rolled the log over and Rogers shot the snake, which was still alive, tho Roberts shot had hit it in one place. We got more films and all went back up to the Cliff Dwellings again, going up by the way we came down, which was easier. The snake was still there. Rogers opened its mouth with two sticks and showed us its fangs and how they protrude when the upper jaw is thrown open so they strike with them. Roberts wanted its rattles, so Rogers pulled them off for her. It was a large snake, over 4ft. long, all agreed, tho we had no tape measure. It was a diamond back, and I said I would like the skin, but Rogers said he would not skin a snake or touch one for anything. Buggs told me that as I had skinned a rabbit one day, when we were out riding, why didn't I skin it. Riley said she would help me, so we skinned it, after chopping its head off. We carried the body out a little distance from where we were going to camp as there were several buzzards flying around and we thought they would take it. But, tho they alighted and looked it over they didn't, but flew away. So Buggs said she would dig a grave for it if I would throw it into it. So, we appointed her as the official gravedigger for the party. She took the shovel and started digging. Rogers wanted to do it, but neither she nor the rest of us would let him do it. We kidded her a lot about what the size should be and she dug a big hole for it. When it was done, she asked who was going to be priest, and Tolley said she would be. Next, who would be the chief mourner! Buggs said that Roberts couldn't be as she murdered it, and Riley and I couldn't as we had mutilated the body, so Rogers would have to be. He was game, so took his place at head of the grave, and Tolley, standing at the foot, surprised us by pulling her diary out of her pocket and reading (?), "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, if the buzzards don't get you, the coyotes must." We all surely laughed.

After a while, as we sat around the fire, the usual question came up about what time we started in the morning. As of now, no two watches are alike, and Tolley and Riley say they are not going to wind theirs anymore.

Rogers said we must get an early start in the morning, as it was farther to the next good feed for the horses. We spoke of our horses coming to look us up at 3 or 4 in the morning. Rogers said if we heard them to call him and he would tie up one so the others would hang around, for so far, our horses and his do not go in the same direction.

After he went to bed, Buggs suggested to me, that we take our Big Jimmie and Chief's halters to bed with us, and the first one of us two would waken the other and we would get up and tie them up. She heard them first and we met them before they reached us, and, tho they were a little shy of us at first, not being accustomed to seeing us in pink and light green pajamas and pink night caps. We tied them to trees and went back to bed and sleep. We heard Rogers hearty laugh and "what won't those girls do next?" That we have heard so many times it is getting to be a "byword" with us. Altho he has two sisters, he certainly doesn't seem to know girls, not nurses on the loose anyway.

We got off before 9 a.m. and rode up the West Fork trail through such a narrow canyon we had to cross and recross it many times and often had to ride some distance in the creek. In one place, we could see some cliff dwellings, high up on the cliff, that would have been impossible to climb.

Rogers caught quite a string of fish as we went along. It rained a little about 5 p.m. About that time, we left the river and went up over a steep mountain and down on the other side to Jenks cabin, where we found good grazing, and made camp. Some of us had not been out of our saddles all day.

It was a beautiful ride tho longer and harder than other days have been, as we followed the river and in it so much. Tolley kept count and says we crossed it 84 times, and none of us doubt her word. Think any of us would have said more had we guessed. Needless to say we were all soaking wet with horses splashing.

Jenks cabin was built by a couple of outlaws, the Jenks brothers. It is on a level spot of about 4-5 acres, with plenty of grass where three canyons meet, and very steep mountains on all sides. The only possible exit is to follow one of the canyons, through two of which flows the Gila. The cabin, near the Gila has 2 doors and 1 window, each facing one of the canyons, so, if officers came in one way, the inmates could get out one of the others. Billy the Kid used it for a hide-out more than once.

We girls slept on the ground inside the cabin as it was raining a little. There were 2 good sized beds with mattresses, but Rogers advised against using them;...as they were used by all kinds of travelers. So we made our bed in the middle of the room, as far from each bed as we could get. It was raining a little this a.m., so, as good feed for the horses, we all went fishing and soon had enough for a good meal. Buggs, Tolley and I climbed a steep mountain, the trail other than the river ones, but could only see lots more mountains. Fooled around until about 4 p.m. when we started for Prior's Creek and cabin. Went up the very steep winding trail for about 2 miles. Roberts, following next behind Rogers somehow got off the trail, and was lost, but not for long as we soon discovered her missing and she found us by our calling. She had been off her horse and set the shotgun down, and lost it. When we reached the top, we waited some time while she and Rogers went back and hunted for it, but they couldn't find it. Rogers says she is the only one he has to look out for, as the rest of us stick together and to him. We went through Lily Park which is beautiful and must be wonderful when the lillies are in bloom. Behind it were Baldy and Lily Mts., two of the largest mountains we had seen.

It had started to drizzle and kept it up until we reached Prior's cabin, or the place it had been, as it had been burned since Rogers had been there. It was very dark and we had our supper under a big tarp which Rogers stretched over a rope between 2 trees. After our supper things were cleared away, we spread our bed under a tarp, also our saddles and all the packs we could. Others, we covered with pieces of tarp and ponchos. We baked our first biscuits for supper and they were good. Rogers baked them, as none of us had ever baked in a Dutch Oven. He piled hot coals on the top of the oven cover, which is built for that purpose.

It was not raining this a.m., but everything was soaking wet, but we started about 9 a.m. The horses are getting acquainted, so stick closer together, so are easier to round up. But it soon began to rain again. We kept climbing up and

went over quite a ridge. The view from the top was grand, as we were above the clouds in the valley above the river, and the high mountains beyond. We followed the top of the ridge some distance with beautiful views on all sides.

We rode down the famous zigzag trail, supposed to be one of the steepest and most treacherous trails in the West, in spite of the slipperyness of it. It is very steep and is well named as we surely traveled at least "3 miles in one" all the way down. Not far from the foot, Riley and Roberts, bringing up the rear, dismounted and led their horses. At the foot was the West Fork of the Gila again. Just after we had crossed, the riderless Spot went tearing by us, with Roberts following. Buggs and Tolley joined in the pursuit of Spot, who was stopped by Rogers, as he went by him in the lead of all. While I went back and helped Riley up in front of me and we rode double across the river and soon met Buggs, leading Spot back for her.

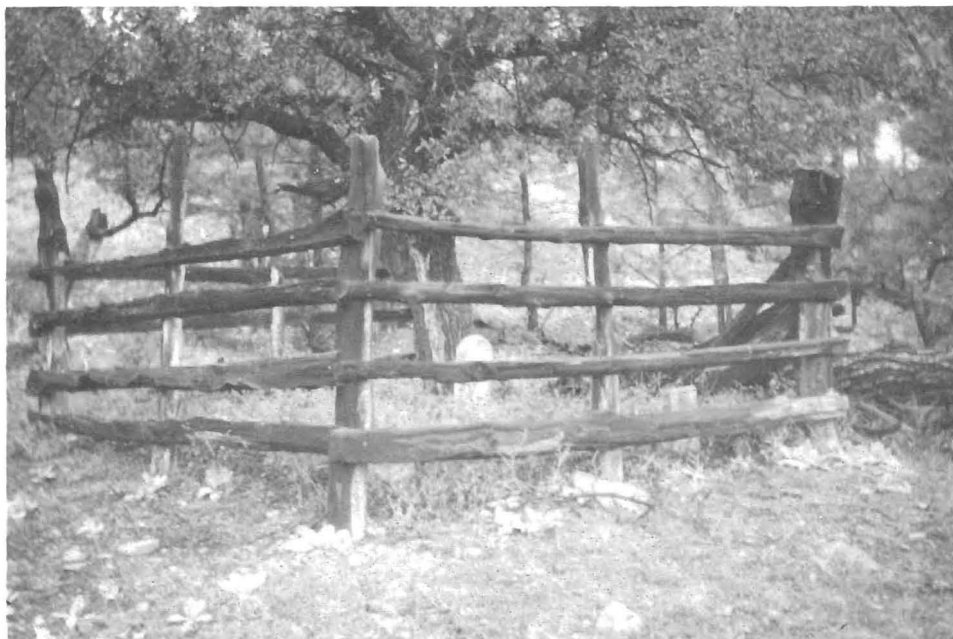
We followed down to an old deserted Ranger's cabin not far from the Hot Springs. There we camped about 2:30 p.m., as it rained so much in the morning we were wet through.

We visited Grudging's grave a few rods from this cabin and in back of where his cabin used to be. The grave is surrounded by rude log fence, but both the head and foot stones are in good condition. On the headstone the following inscription - "William Grudgings, waylaid and murdered by Tom Woods, Oct.5, 1883. Age 37 years, 8 months."

Woods, like Grudgings, was a prospector with a cabin some miles farther up in the Mts. He had a Mexican wife and several children. About a year before, he had sent his oldest son and another Mexican youth out to Silver City with considerable gold. They never reached Silver City, and a few days later the burros came home without their packs. Woods and others found the murdered boys but no gold a few miles below Grudgings' cabin. So he laid the blame for the murders on Grudgings, but had no proof of it. So when Grudgings was found murdered in his cabin everyone thought that Woods was the guilty party to the crime, but no real evidence so he was cleared by the court. But Grudgings' family put up the gravestone for him. Woods soon left, but later he became a well known and respected merchant in El Paso. We spent the night on the floor in the old Ranger shack and were pretty well dried out by morning. Only for the dishtowels, which Riley always boils every time they are used. Consequently we haven't seen a dry dishtowel since our first night out, as they have to be packed wet and never time to dry them. We all kid her alot about it.

We came down the West Fork to where it joins with the Middle Fork, then went up that Fork. After eating our lunch, we made camp under some big walnut trees. We left our packhorses unpacked and loose and rode up the Middle Fork past the XSX Ranch where Rogers talked to the only cow puncher around. It is a very pretty spot with nice fruit trees and very beautiful cliffs all around it. Here we saw a small bunch of longhorns.

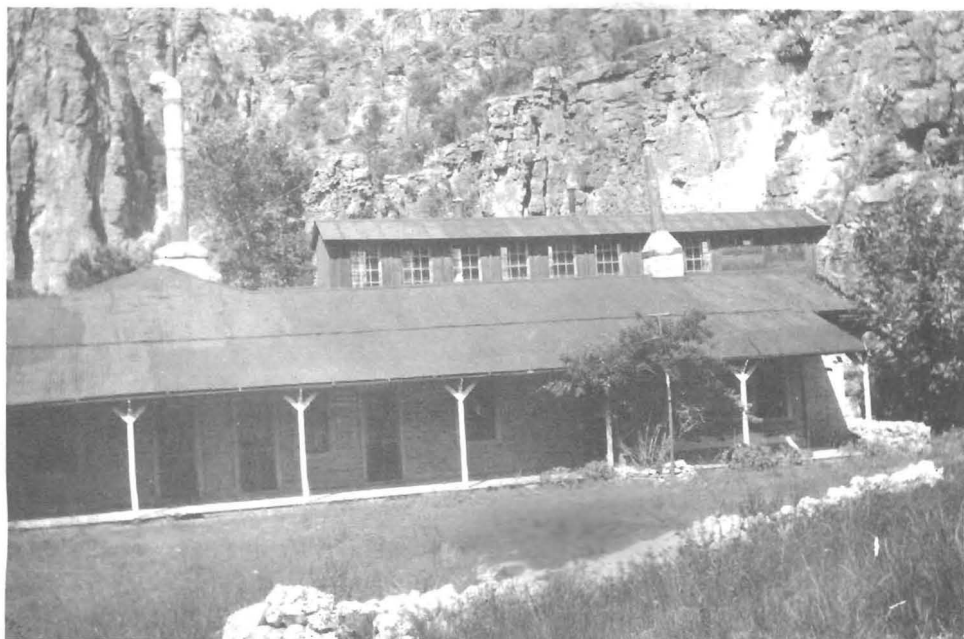
A little farther up the creek, we saw some hot springs, only a few feet from the river. They are so hot it is said one can catch a fish from the river and standing in the same place swing their pole around and cook the fish in a hot spring. We didn't try it. But we did stick our fingers in one spring and it was so hot we took them out quickly as we could.



The lonely grave of the unfortunate William Grudgings.

From there we rode on up to the Lyons Hunting Lodge. This lodge is a very wonderful place to find so far away from anywhere. Rogers says it is over 60 miles from Silver City. At the time it was built, many years ago, they first built a road in to get the building materials, furnishings, etc., but one can hardly find a trace of the road now. It was built by Lord Lyons, a wealthy English Lord and he brought parties over from England to enjoy the hunting and country life. It is a very beautiful place, tho many years have past since the owner died, and tho his estate has tried for years to sell it, there were no buyers. The house is very near the Gila, with very high cliffs behind it. Up over these cliffs are many hot springs and water from them is piped to a large swimming pool back from the house. The pool is surrounded by rock and spaces between rocks are closed with cement and a cement flooring in pool. The spaces between rocks were so small very little cement was used. There are bathhouses around the pool and stone steps lead down into it, very irregular in shape but large enough for a good swim. Hot water is piped from the springs into the house to kitchen and bath rooms.

The house, which we entered through a bathroom window, has a large living room, a parlor, large dining room, kitchen, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms and a very large billiard room, back end of which is the straight up cliff. It is lighted by overhead built up windows. Tables, cues and balls still there. Walls on both sides have beautiful, scenic murals in oil about covering them. Other rooms have some murals and some very large framed pictures, all in oils. The furnishings are mostly there and all very nice, even sets of Limoges and Haviland china. Much copper in the kitchen, all very large utensils. Smaller ones have been stolen. We saw no silver or linens, or bedding other than mattresses. Furniture very beautiful and good. Outside is a house for help's quarters and a small swimming pool for them.



The once-luxurious hunting lodge, built by Englishman Lord Lyons, lies abandoned. Lyons built this complex for the entertainment of his English friends. The girls were impressed with the still-remaining furnishings.



The travelers catch up on their laundry. Author Ella Bean Livingston is in the left foreground.

From there we came back down the river a short distance. Then tying our horses, we went up into the little Grand Canyon, a very beautiful narrow canyon with a small stream of hot water running down through it, with tiny streams dripping over the precipices in many places. In one place we could see well preserved ruins of cliff dwellings, but they are inaccessible. In one place was a beautiful moss-covered cave with a small stream of hot water flowing from it. At the upper end was a very steep smooth rocky place. Rogers said we could not make it any farther, but we argued, as usual, and thought we could. We knew, and he admitted, that if we could get over that stretch, we could go farther. So, Buggs suggested that I try it first. I tried it and made it to Rogers' surprise. Then Riley tried it next and almost reached me. I put out my hand to help her make the last long step. As she caught my hand in her stretch, her weight made me lose my very insecure balance, and down we slid over the wet slimy rock, several feet to the roars and cheers of our spectators. We landed in a heap at the foot and were frightened to hear a rattle close to us. I doubt if two tangled-up girls ever got to their feet as quickly as we did, just in time to see the snake's head fly off, as Rogers shot it so quickly. We then came back to our horses and rode back down to our camp. At no other place have we seen such beautiful flowers in bloom, mostly out of reach, high up on wall of the canyon. Some varieties that we had never seen before, so didn't know.

This morning, while Rogers was packing and loading the packs on the pack horses, I walked up to his Blondy and was patting her. Buggs immediately picked up her bridle and we put it on her and then saddled her without her objecting in the least. Rogers was so surprised, as he didn't think she would let anyone but him touch her, and he always roped her. Tonight he says, we have not only spoiled his dog, but now his horse, too. Riley took over feeding Jiggs the first night out, and in spite of all Rogers says, she feeds him three times a day when we eat. And a couple days ago, when we rode over a stretch where there were lots of "cat's claws" on the trail and Rogers had to get off and pull them out of Jiggs' feet, until he got disgusted. Jiggs would just sit and howl and he fell behind, so whoever of us [was] nearest to him would pile off and pull them out. When I was off, Buggs rode up and said if I could lift Jiggs up she knew Chief wouldn't object to having her hold him. He kicked and squirmed so, I couldn't get him up. So Tolley, then Riley came back, and with Riley holding all the horses including Chief, Tolly and I lifted him up so Buggs could get him up in the saddle in front of her, with front feet on her shoulders, and she held him so, until we got out of the "cats claws." Tolley having tied her reins to the horn. Rogers laughed plenty at the sight, when he looked back. He said we fed him so much he couldn't walk and then we carried him. But he was glad to get down. We rode back up the West Fork to Little Creek, then about 3 miles, fishing all the way. Each carried her own lunch and leaving the horses tied, we tramped and fished all day, getting quite a lot.

We hadn't gone but a short distance up the creek, which is larger than the Middle Fork was, when Buggs fell in, getting soaking wet, much to the amusement of us all. We kidded her so, I think Rogers thought we were heartless. She insisted that a good fisherman always fell in. And she did get the most fish of any of us. I found a nice pool under an overhanging rock and as the fish bit well, I stayed there or nearby most of the day. As I was not very far up and



Angling for a meal of fresh fish which were plentiful in the river.

others went by me, Buggs left her camera with me and Tolley left the rifle she was carrying with me. When others began coming down, I picked up my fish pole, string of 16 fish, Buggs camera, my own hanging over my shoulder, and the gun. In crossing the stream, stepping on stones underwater, I slipped and went face down, in the water, but I scrambled out so fast the cameras, guns (we each wore a shooter on belt), films, etc. in pockets were not wet enough to hurt them, but I was dripping, and surely met with plenty of laughing and kidding. Even Big Jimmie looked at me with astonishment and didn't like my getting on him so dripping wet.

We went back to our camp and gathered lots of grape leaves in which we wrapped each dressed fish as we wanted to take some home if we could keep them.

This morning we climbed up hill for several miles with wonderfull views on all sides of us, of mts. and valleys with the Gila looking like a silver thread winding in and out among them. We went over the ridge down to Copperas Canyon, one of the beautiful canyons, as coloring is so grand in the sun. Beautiful bronze with streaks and spots of shining copper and the reds of iron pyrites and green of oxydized copper it was magnificent on all sides. We rode down through it to the Sappillo Creek, covering a little of the ground we went upon. When we reached the Sappillo, we went up it to the Meerchaum Mines, the only mines of that mineral to be worked in the U.S., the small outcrops of it in a few nearby places and some in Mexico not far away. None is being mined at present, as all buildings were burned down at the beginning of the War as owned and managed by Germans. We found piles of bags of the ground product that had not been shipped out. We picked up pieces of the mineral. I found a nice quart demijohn which I took along, too, as a souvenir, much to the amusement of all.



Crossing the water on stepping stones often afforded a source of amusement to other members of the party, especially when someone slipped.

We then rode up the Sappillo and camped about 4 miles above the deserted G.O.S. ranch in a secluded spot where there was a good spring of water and good feed for horses.

We started before 9 a.m., and rode mostly through woods up over the Continental Divide, then down through Three Circle Canyon, so named because [of] its many turns, down to the Mimbres River, stopped about 2 p.m. for lunch and to give our horses a rest. Then we rode on past the store and few houses of the town and up over steep hills to old Georgetown, a bunch of old adobe ruins of what was once a lively mining town. Only two or three houses occupied now, each by one lone miner or hermit, only one of which we saw, and he was not sociably inclined. Then we came on through Santa Rita toward home. When we reached Cameron Creek, the water was so high we didn't dare to put our horses in it. Must have been a hard storm in the Mts., tho we had not seen a cloud in the sky. So we had to go around by Central where we could cross a bridge. At Central there was quite a fire going on, a good-sized house burning. We watched it a few minutes, but our horses were very uneasy, as so near home. So we reached the Nurses Quarters about 10 p.m., a tired but very happy and very dirty bunch of girls.

Copied verbatim from penciled notebook I carried on trip.

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